

A year has elapsed since we first issued our Prospectus for the publication of the MADISONIAN. During this eventful period we have been engaged in a severe contest, as interesting and important to the Republic as any that has transpired since its organization. The cause, and our course, have attached to us many interests which will not permit us to retire as we contemplated.

A period has arrived, therefore, when it has become necessary, in justice to ourselves and the public, to state our course for the future.

It is well remembered that the MADISONIAN was established in the conviction that the great character and interests of the country, as well as the success of the administration, required another organ for the National Government. Born in the Republican faith, and nurtured in Republican doctrines, we were desirous of seeing the leading principles of the party to which we were attached, preserved and carried out, not only in theory, but in practice. We pledged ourselves to sustain the principles and the Republic of the Republican party, as declared by Mr. Madison, and came here in good faith to support the present administration upon the principles which governed the party which elected Mr. Van Buren, and upon the pledges by which that election was secured.

We have, throughout, strictly adhered to those principles. Had the Executive of this nation done the same; had he received in the spirit in which it was offered, the advice of his best friends, the continuance of this paper would not have been necessary, nor should we have beheld the distracted counsels by which he is governed, or have seen the disloyal and defeated party by which he is surrounded.

No Chief Magistrate, since the days of Washington, ever came to that station under more favorable auspices than Mr. Van Buren. A combination of circumstances, which seldom transpire, clearly indicated the way to the affections of the people, and gave him the power to restore order and peace to the very measures which would have established his popularity. But ill-omened and evil counsels prevailed, and the hopes of that political millennium, which many Republicans cherished as the fulfillment of their creed were disappointed and postponed.

While the MADISONIAN and its friends were endeavoring to restore the prosperity of the country, the Executive and his advisers were urging forward measures directly calculated to destroy it—to keep the country convulsed and prostrate—measures, subversive of the principles of Republican government, and tending to the establishment of an unmitigated despotism. Antagonism, therefore, was a natural and necessary result of the course, and an unusual spirit of intolerance, denunciation and proscription, justice could not have required nor honestly expected any support from consistent Republicans.

In that spirit of independence and love of the truth, which characterized the founders of this institution, we resisted the nefarious attempts to depreciate and destroy them, with the best of our ability. The same spirit which prompted us to do this, finds no justification in supporting the men who made it necessary.

It is an incontrovertible truth, that every prominent act of this administration has been an open, unequivocal violation of every principle and profession upon which Mr. Van Buren was elected to the Chief Magistracy by the people.

In his upholding the specie circular, which made dishonored bank notes, and taking all just credit from them, he has been twice condemned by Congress.

In his recommending the Sub-Treasury scheme, contemplating a union of the purse and the sword, and the subversion of the entire practice of the government, and persisting in it, notwithstanding the fact that it has been four times condemned by the Representatives of the people;

In his recommendation of a Bankrupt law to be passed by Congress, applicable only to corporations, so that this government should possess an absolute control over all the State institutions, and take all credit from them, and taking all just credit from them over them from the hands of the State tribunals;

In his breaking faith with the States, by recommending a repeal of the distribution law;

In his repeated recommendations of the issue of Treasury notes, to supply the place of legal money, requiring that the expired and ruinous revenue of depreciated government paper money, for a circulating medium; thus exercising a power derived only from a loose construction of the Constitution, and repudiated by the best Republican authorities;

In his attempt to establish a Treasury Bank with an irredeemable non-interest bearing currency;

In his effort to overthrow the State Bank Deposit system, established by President Jackson, and take the public moneys into his actual custody and control;

In his attempt to divorce the government from the interests and sympathies of the people;

In his attempt to create a "multitude of new offices, and to send swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance;"

In his attempt to "take away our charters, abolish our most valuable laws, and alter, fundamentally, the powers of our governments;"

In his display of sectional partiality;

In his cold indifference to the interests and wants of the people during a period of extreme suffering;

In his attempt to throw discredit upon, and eventually crush the State banks, through the revenue power of the government, and embarrass the resumption of specie payments;

In permitting the patronage of his office to come in conflict with the freedom of elections;

In his open contempt of the will of the people as expressed through the ballot;

In his attempt to cram obnoxious measures down the throats of dissenting brethren by means unbecoming a magnanimous Chief Magistrate;

In his refusal to acquiesce in the decisions of the majority; and

In his despotic attempt of his partisans in the U. S. Senate, on the 24 July, inst. to seize the public treasury, by abolishing all law for its custody and safe keeping.

He has abandoned the principles by which he came into power, and, consequently, the basis upon which he has so obstinately persevered in his erroneous course as to preclude all reasonable hope of his retracting it.

And finally, to this long catalogue of grievances, we may add, what may be considered a minor offense, but certainly a very serious one, the character of Mr. Van Buren has rendered himself the most accessible, both to friends and adversaries, of all the Chief Magistrates that ever filled his station.

And from all these considerations, to what conclusion can the nation come, but that their Chief Magistrate is either wanting in integrity, or wanting in capacity?

We need not say that we expected different thing of a public servant, bound by his sacred pledges, to regard the national will as the supreme law, and to improve, and liberal practical reform, he needed not this rule of the American people, must and ought to meet its reward and sink in indiscriminate and everlasting overthrow.

The financial policy of this Administration cannot be sustained upon any principle of necessity, expediency, utility, practical philosophy, or equity.

Its plain object, the perpetuity of power, and its plain effect, the destruction of the banking system, require, of course, too great a sacrifice from the American people to be, for a moment, tolerated.

The great desideratum, a sound, uniform, and contrary to the currency, and a system that would be nearly as practicable, the domestic exchanges, is demanded by the practical wants of the people, and, sooner or later, in one form or another, will be obtained by them. To accomplish this end, and to "preserve and regulate" the credit system of the country, which this administration has attempted to impair, will be one of the great objects for which we feel constrained to continue our labors.

No Administration of this Government can prosper, none deserve to succeed, that is not conservative, both in theory and practice. Enlightened improvement, and liberal practical reform, he needed not this rule of the American people, must and ought to meet its reward and sink in indiscriminate and everlasting overthrow.

A man whose whole course of measures has been but a continual violation of every sound tenet of Republican rights and national interests.

At a proper time, the Madisonian will be prepared to sustain, for the highest offices in the government, such "honest and capable" candidates as public sentiment shall seem to indicate—such as shall seem best calculated to concentrate the greatest Democratic Republican support—to overthrow the measures which have, thus far, proved destructive to the best interests of the country, and at the same time to send into retirement the men who have attempted to force them upon a reluctant and a resisting people.

Abolish, such as shall be most likely to preserve the Constitution of the country to perpetuate its Union, and to transmit the public liberties, unimpaired to posterity. We constantly remember the name we have assumed; and we shall be unworthy of it, whenever the preservation of the constitution ceases to be our first and chief object.

We are not to be understood, in any view, as forsaking Democratic Republican principles. The merit of apostasy belongs to the Executive, and the friends, whose political fortunes he has involved. Those principles, in any event, we shall firmly adhere to, and consistently and ardently support.

In endeavoring to accomplish these great objects, there will undoubtedly be found acting in concert, many who have heretofore differed on other matters. That they have honestly differed, should be a sufficient reason for not indulging in crimination and recrimination in relation to the past. Let former errors, on all sides, be overlooked or forgotten, as the only means by which one harmonious movement may be made to restore the Government to its ancient purity, and to redeem our republican institutions from the spirit of radicalism, which threatens to subvert them.

A small patriotic band, that have dared to separate themselves from a party to serve their country, now occupy a position not less eminent than responsible. They hold the Balance of Political Power. Let it not tremble in their hands! And as they hold it for their country, so may the Balance of Eternal Justice be held for them!

The MADISONIAN will continue to be published three times a week during the sittings of Congress, and twice a week during the recess, at \$5 per annum, payable, invariably, in advance.

A weekly edition is also published, at \$3 per annum. Tri-weekly, for the term of six months, \$3; and weekly, for six months, \$2.

No subscription will be received for any term short of six months.

Subscribers may remit by mail, in bills of solvent banks, post paid, at our risk; provided it shall appear by a postmaster's certificate, that such remittance has been duly mailed.

A liberal discount will be made to companies of five or more transmitting their subscriptions together.

Advertisements, and others authorized, acting as our agents, will be entitled to receive a copy of the paper gratis for every five subscribers, or, at that rate per cent. on subscriptions generally.

Advertisements will be inserted at the usual printer's rates.

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THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME OF THE NEW YORK MIRROR was issued on the thirteenth day of June. It contained a Portrait of Charles Sprague, the American Poet, engraved by Parker from a painting by Harding; and a Vignette Titling; these will be succeeded by three costly and magnificent Engravings on Steel, by the best Artists, designed and engraved from original paintings for the work. Etchings on Wood, by Adams, Johnson, and others, will also embellish the forthcoming volume; besides fifty pieces of rare, beautiful, and popular Music, arranged for the Pianoforte, Guitar, Harp, etc.

The new volume will contain articles from the pens of well known and distinguished writers, upon every subject that can prove interesting to the general reader, including original Poetry—Fables and Essays, humorous and pathetic—Critical Notices—Early and choice selections from the best new publications, both American and English—Scientific and Literary Intelligence—Copious notices of Foreign Countries, by Correspondents engaged expressly and exclusively for this Journal—Strictures upon the various productions in the Fine Arts, that are presented for the notice and approbation of the public—Elaborate and beautiful specimens of Art, Engravings, Music, etc.—Notices of the latest discoveries and improvements in Science, Art, Mechanics, and a series of original papers from American writers of distinction.

A very limited number of copies will be issued, those desirous of commencing their subscriptions with the commencement of the sixteenth volume can be supplied, by directing their communications, post paid, to the editors, enclosing the subscription price, five dollars, payable, in all cases, in advance.

The editorial conduct of the new volume will be under the charge of ERAS SARGENT, and will contain, as heretofore, contributions from Messrs. Morse, Fox, Knapp, Taint, Marryat, Sheridan Knowles, Inman, Willis, and a list of two hundred others, well known to the reading community. In the variety, interest, amusement and instruction of its literary department, and the selection of its embellishments, the beauty of its music, and the elegance of its typography, it is intended to render the new volume, in all respects, equal, if not superior, to its predecessors, and it is universally admitted that no work extant furnishes so valuable and equanimous for the trifling amount at which it is afforded per annum, as the MIRROR.

In an advertisement like the present, it is not possible to state all our plans for the new volume; and, if it were, it would not be necessary for a journal, that is so extensively known, not only throughout the United States and Great Britain, but wherever the English language is spoken. Suffice it to say, that neither pains, labor, talent, industry, nor expense, shall be spared to render it a light, graceful, and agreeable medium of political and literary culture, as well as an ornament to the periodical press of the United States—intended alike for the pursuit of our fair and gentle countrywomen, the secluded student, the man of business, and the student of the sciences, and a circle of taste or refinement—and while its pages never will contain a single word or sentence that would wound or offend, it will be rendered not the less acceptable to the opposite sex.

CONDITIONS.

The MIRROR is published every Saturday, at No. 1 Barclay-street, next door to Broadway. It is elegantly printed in the most superior style, and is sent by mail, free of charge, to all subscribers, who send the price in advance.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the American Temperance Union.

AN ONLY SON.

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

I knew an only son, a boy of rare promise; he grew up strong, bold and active, full of spirit and full of enterprise. His parents were opulent and intelligent; their views of life with all its responsibilities were broad and deep;—generous in their affection, they mingled extensively in society, which was ennobled by their influence. They were rich in their domestic joys; their son, their darling son, was a source of the purest delight. There seemed no cause for solicitude for him; no weak points to watch over, to guard and support; he possessed a sound constitution; his intellect and his temper were as fair, free from any defect as were his physical powers; the leading object of his parents seemed to be to give to every faculty its most vigorous growth, and spread the whole character to its broadest expanse. The youth passed through his collegiate course honorably to himself and his friends; and being inclined to active life, he joined a commercial house in one of our largest cities. Here his prospects were full of promise; he was encircled by friends that were in the full career of prosperity; his natural temper was so fine—so pleasing was he in his general intercourse with the world, that he not only had no enemies, but all his associates would have rejoiced in his greatest prosperity. He was prosperous; and apparently forming for himself a permanent home. All who had known him from his youth expected to see him standing foremost among our rich and honorable merchants; when, suddenly, without any apparent cause, his partnership was dissolved.

The house to which he belonged continued on in an honorable course of business till it had amassed solid wealth; his partners, in no qualification superior to himself, lived on in luxury, pleasure, and all the charities of life; embosomed in friends, and eventually, in retired leisure to cultivate the higher powers of their nature, while this young man, the hope of his parents, went away alone, a prey to the ravages of alcohol;—the wine cup had ruined him. He had strict integrity, he had a capacity for all business, but he fell as a fortress which has long been daily besieged till it is all undermined; a whole garrison on the ramparts cannot save it, it falls headlong, and all is buried in the common ruin. He went home to his distressed parents, but he had too much feeling left to be willing to witness the misery he alone had caused; he fled from his home, and sought a solitude of his own, and there yielded up all his hopes.

He took the dreadful poison till his powers were all destroyed; his memory was broken, his affections were scorched and seared as by a stroke of lightning, and his reason—he seemed to have none, but at some lucid intervals it would rise in its full strength, goaded on by conscience, that worm that never dies; and gladly would he have taken his hated life, his hand was often arrested by the fear of coming wrath; he died alone, and the cloud of oblivion settled over his memory. His parents never utter his name; they drank to the dregs the cup of bitterness; he passed away, and no trace is left behind him;—deep furrows lie hidden in a few hearts, untold to that world which looks on and passed by on the other side.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CLOCKMAKER; Or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Tickletown.

The folks at New Orleans put me in mind of children playin' in a churchyard jumpin' over the graves, hidin' behind the tombs, a larfin' at the emblems of mortality, and the queer old rhymes under 'em, all full of life and glee, and fun above ground, while underneath it is a charnel-house, full of winding sheets, skeletons, and generations of departed citizens.—That are place is built in a bar in a harbor; made of snags, drift wood and chokes, heaped up by the river, and then filled and covered with the sediment and alluvial of the rich bottoms above, brought down by the freshets. It's peopled in the same way. The eddies and tides of business of all that country centre there, and the froth and scum are washed up and settle in New Orleans. It's filled with all sorts of people, black, white and Indians, and their different shades, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Dutch; English, Irish and Scotch, and then people from every State in the Union.

These last have all nicknames. There's the hoosers of Indiana, the suckers of Illinois, the pukes of Missouri, the buckeyes of Ohio, the red horses of Kentucky, the mudheads of Tennessee, the volvers of Michigan, the cobs of New England, and the corn crackers of Virginia. All these, with many others, make up the population, which is mottled with black and all its shades, 'most of all supplied by emigration. It is a great caravansary filled with strangers, desperate enough to make your hair stand an end, drinkin' all day, gamblin' all night, and fightin' all the time. Death pervades all nature there; it breathes in the air, and it floats in the water, and rises in the vapors and exhalations, and rides on the whirlwind and tempest; it dwells on the drought, and also in the inundation. Above, below, within, around, every where is death; but who knows, or misses, or mourns the stranger? Dig a grave for him, and you plunge him in the water—the worms eat the coffin, and the crocodiles have the body. We have mills to Rhode Island with sardine saws, and apparatus for makin' packin' boxes. At one of these factories they used to make 'em in the shape of coffins, and then they served a double purpose; they carried out onions to New Orleans, and then carried out the dead to their graves.

That are city was made by the freshets. Its a chance if it ain't carried away by them. It may yet be its fate to be swept clean off by 'em, to mingle once more with the stream that deposited it, and form new land further down the river. It may chance to be a spot to be pointed out from the steamboats as the place where a great city once stood, and a great battle was once fought, in which the genius and valor of the new world triumphed over the best troops and the best general of Europe. That place is just like a hot-bed, and the folks like the plants in it. People do grow rich fast, but they look kinder spindlin' and weak, and they are 'en a 'most choked with weeds and toadstools that grow every bit and grain as fast—and twice as natural.—pp. 181, 182.

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES.

Bentley's Miscellany.

Pedlar—Have you been to the Bowery lately, neighbor?

Stranger—Not very lately.

Pedlar—What a first rate place that is for music.

Kentuck—Don't talk of York music. I have a horn as come from France that'll turn all the milk sour when you blow it hard.

Pedlar—And I have a trumpet that will throw a monkey into fits.

Kentuck—Why I can whistle better than some of them common trumpets. I whistled once a kind of sharp, and it gave a polecat a agy.

Pedlar—When I was last at the Bowery, the musicians played so strong that it tuk two men to hold the leader of 'em in his seat; and in one part he played so fast, six of the others couldn't overtake him, although they all did their tightest.

Kentuck—It takes me to sit some tunes as I can play, and I can hardly. I played on an old frying-pan once so powerful that it drove away the mice.

Pedlar—That was 'cause the frying-pan was cracked, and drive every thing as mad as itself.

Kentuck—Well I'll tell you a fact. There's a fit in Kentuck that once whistled so piercing, that it bored a hole sick through the shingles.

Pedlar—Yes, that's true; and there's a drum at the Bowery that has to be played by a leetle baby, for if a grown man was to try it, it would go like thunder, and perhaps blow the roof off the house.

Farmer—I want to tell you two of a dream I had the other night; I dreamt as all the liars was dead, and it's come true.

Kentuck—Yes, they're all dead.

Pedlar—Except two, and they are fixed in this part of the State.

Kentuck—You've seen something, that's a fact, though you are a leetle man. Where were you raised?

Pedlar—Why, I was raised, I expect, in Connecticut. I'm four feet nothing and a half, with one over when my boots are on. My father lived on Birmingham, fourteen miles from Rome, and not far from Syracuse. My father built the first house there, and named it after a power of pans called Birmingham hardware, as we had on hand from Boston. Twelve new towns have been fixed since then all around us. When they all join considerable, my father is going to call it Mount Olympus, and I calculate it'll be the finest city in this or any other country.

Eloquence of the Earl of Chatham.—All accounts, however, concur in representing the effects of his eloquence to have been prodigious. The spirit and vehemence which animated his greater passages, their perfect application to the subject matter of debate, the appositeness of his invective to the individual assailed, the boldness of the feats he ventured upon, the grandeur of the ideas which he unfolded, the heart-stirring nature of his appeals, are all confirmed by the united testimony of all his contemporaries; and the fragments which remain bear out to a considerable extent such representations; nor are we likely to be misled by those fragments, for the more striking persons were certainly the ones least likely to be either forgotten or fabricated. To these mighty attractions was added the imposing, the animating, the commanding power of the countenance singularly expressive; an eye so piercing that hardly any one could stand its glare; and a manner altogether singularly striking, original and characteristic, notwithstanding a peculiar defect, and even awkward action. Latterly, indeed, his infirmities precluded all action; and he is described as standing in the House of Lords, leaning upon his crutch, and speaking for ten minutes together in an undertone of voice scarcely audible, but raising his notes to their full pitch when he broke out into one of his grand bursts of invective or exclamation. But in his earlier time, his whole manner is represented to have been, beyond conception, animated and imposing. Indeed, the things which he affected by it principally, or at least have made it possible to attempt, almost exceed belief. Some of these sallies are, indeed, examples of that approach made to the ludicrous by the sublime, which has been charged upon him as a prevailing fault, and represented under the name *Charlatanerie*—a favorite phrase with his adversaries, as in later times has been with the ignorant under-valeters of Lord Erskine. It is related, that once in the House of Commons he began a speech with the words, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," and then observing a smile to prevail in the audience; he paused, looked fiercely round, and, with a loud voice, rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced again the word "Sugar" three times, and having thus quelled the house and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked, "who will laugh at sugar now?" We have this anecdote upon good traditional authority; that it was believed by those who had the best means of knowing Lord Chatham, is certain; and this, of itself, shows their sense of the extraordinary powers of his manner, and the reach of his audacity in trusting to those powers.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The Key of Death.—In the collection of curiosities preserved in the Arsenal at Venice, there is a key, of which the following singular tradition is related:

About the year 1690, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice.

The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became ennobled of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed, that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned, it discovered a spring, which on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle firmness, that it entered into the flesh, and buried itself there without leaving any external

trace. Tebaldo waited, in disguise, at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel, unperceived, into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but, seized with sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died.

Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days. The alarm which these deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrature, and when on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal: every one feared for his own life. The maiden, thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the gate. The face of the foreigner had ever been displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her, it had become odious, (as though she had a presentment of his guilt,) and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the gate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movement from being observed. On her return to her room the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The state inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.

An Autumnal View.—Mount the hill west of our borough, says the Pottsville Journal, look down the gorge of the Sharp mountain, where the Schuylkill breaks through on its southward course; observe the varied foliage of the trees, the busy life of the canal, and the placid river in the distance, and it will amply compensate you for a half hour's walk. The extreme warm weather of the past summer has made the diversity of tints more varied than ever, and there is not a sweeter view any where this side of Mahomet's peak. Beautiful and picturesque as is our whole vicinity, this is the diamond gem of the whole. Our town, like a panoramic view, is at our feet; here and there through the foliage of the sun lighted valley the crystal river is seen peeping, and then bounding away to the south; the towering mountains which overhang the stream seem like the work of Titans, and

The loose crags with threatening mass Lay tottering o'er the hollowed pass, As if an infant's touch could urge Their headlong passage down the verge."

The scenery of Schuylkill county will in a few short years hold a conspicuous place in the port folio of the artist, and the sketch book of the tourist; every diversity of view from the quiet domestic scenes of rural life, to the bold majestic grandeur of frowning rocks and beetling mountains may attract the eye.

The vile and abominable practice, so much in vogue in Europe, of bribing servants to attend to travellers—and which seems to be gaining ground in this country, is rebuked by a writer in the New York Gazette as follows:

"*Devoirs to Servants.*—This infamous system is carried to such an extent in England, as not only to be a serious tax upon strangers, but operates as a check and discouragement to travellers.

"In some houses in this city, a few landlords have attempted to introduce this vile system. It ought to be totally discountenanced, there is no cause for it here. In England